A Miner's Deference

(Original.)

There were three women in the coach, and when night came on one of the passengers, a rough miner, insisted on every man getting outside that each woman might have a seat to herself on which to sleep. When we were seated on the coach top, I offered the polite miner a cigar and remarked:

"You treat women with great respect out here."

"That's 'cause there's so few on 'em. They'd oughter pass a law ag'in their comin'."

"I suppose it was your admiration for the sex that leads you to treat them so unselfishly."

"Not a bit. It's my advice, stranger, for any man to let 'em alone. I never had but one experience with any on 'em, and that was enough for me. It was when we was workin' in Zigzag gulch. There was a lot of us there washin' out consid'able ore and all doin' well. One day a grizzly headed ole feller come along totin' a gal. She was the fust specimen we'd any on us laid eyes on for months. Stranger, d'y' remember when y' was a boy and went into a store to buy a pocketknife? Among hundreds on 'em the knife y' bought didn't look especial fine, but when y' got it home away from the rest on 'em, great Scott, how it did shine! Well, that's the way it was with the gal. There wasn't no more on 'em to compare her with, and we was only used to each other's hairy faces.

"The ole man said he'd come out to dig for gold, and his daughter was goin' to do his cookin' for him. It wasn't long before I seen that the gal was givin' me a preference to all the other men in camp, and I felt just as if I was bein' filled with laughin' gas. I was as proud and happy as if I'd struck a vein of pure gold. Pauline—that was her name, Pauline Maryweather—she was as dead stuck on me as I was on her. Only one thing troubled me. She wouldn't take no notice on me except when we was alone and no one to see us. She said her father never would consent to her marryin' no miner and was hopin' to make a strike and marry her to some big gun in the east. However, at last she consented to let me try what I could do with him, and I did.

"'Mr. Maryweather,' I said, 'I am in love with yer daughter and want her for my wife. I got $2,000 worth of dust in my shanty, and when I git double the amount I'll go east, set up a store somewhere and live respectable.'

"'You jist let my daughter alone,' he said, 'or I'll put more lead into yer vitals than y' got gold in yer cabin.'

"When I tole Pauline about it, she looked sad, but didn't say nothin', and I begun tryin' to persuade her to run away with me. She was dead set ag'in it at fust, but at last she come round and laid out the hull business herself. I was to go down to the fork of the creek and wait there for her. One thing she insisted on. She said if she once made the move her father 'd never forgive her. She trusted me, but there might be some slip, so she would not stir unless I'd let her carry my dust. This looked reasonable, and the night before we was to dig out I met her in a lonely place up the creek and dirned the dust over. She seemed mighty disconsarted and clung to me as if somepin awful was goin' to happen. At last she kissed me goodby, makin' me promise once more that I wouldn't fail her, and then we separated.

"Waal, we was to meet at 4 o'clock the next afternoon. I was at the fork by 3, and 'bout a quarter to 4 my heart begun to beat like a drumstick, beatin' faster and faster till my watch stood 4 p. m. Then it beat at the same gait till a quarter past 4, and, seein' Pauline didn't show up, it begun to slow down. I waited till 5, and then, concludin' that the ole man had got on to the deal, I went back to the gulch.

"Things was a-workin' as usual except I missed seven of the most successful miners there was among us. I set down on a stump to rest, and while I was a-settin' there Dick Tutt, one of the missin' men, walked in lookin' 'bout himself kind of suspicious. Then from another direction come Phil Thriggs. He 'peared mad at somepin and makes straight for his cabin. While he was there along comes Tom Bannard. Triggs comes out of his cabin and yells, 'What's become of that ole galute, Maryweather?'

"He was tole by the miners that Maryweather and his daughter had left the place a leetle before 4 o'clock with a big sack that it tuk the two on 'em to carry.

"Waal, the game was out. The gal had made love to the seven of Zigzag gulch's wealthiest citizens and got every one on 'em to turn over his dust except Triggs, who suspected somepin and insisted on takin' his'n to the meetin' place hisself, instead of which he buried it and left a bag of sand in its place, so that in his case the thieves didn't get nothin'.

"A couple of year after that I went to Kansas City. I did nothin' for the fust day but stare at the women; they looked so purty. Then I got used to 'em. One day on the street I met a redheaded, frowzy, freckled gal with a pug nose. And who do you suppose she was? Pauline Maryweather. I tell you, stranger, what you want to do with wimmen is to treat 'em as you would a leopard—stroke 'em mighty soft, and don't get in the way of their claws. And if you think one on 'em purty jest set her up along side some more on 'em."

GARDINER FORBES.

As to Mobs.

You can't punish a mob unless you punish it while it is a mob. A man is not the same man while he is in a mob as he is while he is an individual, and this is one reason why it is so difficult ever to punish and individual for what he did as a part of a mob. This distinction is not fanciful; it is a real difference, and public sentiment and prosecuting officers and juries recognize it, whether they know it or not. For this reason it is generally useless to hope for the punishment of men after a mob has dispersed.—World's Work.

Caution.

"Don't you think you'd better speak to papa tonight, George?" the girl suggested.

"He's just come in, hasn't he?" asked George.

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'll give him time to get his slippers on."—Chicago Post.

A Sport.

"So Mistah Erastus Pinkney is gwine to git married," said the coffee colored youth with the large scarfpin.

"Yes," was the answer. "Somebody done tol' him dat marriage was a lottery, an' he's sech a sholt dat he'r boun' to take a chance."—Exchange.

Sol Smith Russell and the Dog.

Sol Smith Russell was once forced to accept the hospitality of a family where table manners were unknown and coarseness prevailed. The people were liberal hearted, though, and treated the actor generously.

For every favor received, for each dish passed or question asked Mr. Russell responded with a "Thank you" or other grateful acknowledgment.

This constant "Thank you" annoyed the host and his family. In desperation, they finally asked Mr. Russell to omit it.

"Impossible!" said the actor. "I was taught to be grateful. A good habit is as hard to break as a bad one."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the man of the house, humiliated by the rebuke. "Nothing is impossible."

"Very well, then," said the comedian, using his famous nasal drawl. "You first prevent your dog from wagging his tail for food given or kind word spoken; then I will omit my 'Thank you.'"

"I won't cut my dog's tail off for you or nobody," said the man as he affectionately patted his dog's head.

"Yes; your dog and I belong to the impossibilities," concluded Mr. Russell. —Boston Post.

Balm of A Thousand Flowers

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

"Dear me!" exclaimed little Mrs. Ripley to her husband, the doctor. "Marion's whooping cough is just dreadful, and here we've shipped off all your drugs. I don't know what we'll do. Can't you go out and get some embrocation or some carbocene? The poor child really needs it."

Young Dr. Ripley was busy nailing some bulky wooden packages together. He stopped suddenly and sucked a finger which he had macerated with the hammer. Then he shook his head.

"Nance," he replied, "I don't see how we can. I've got just exactly enough to pay our fares down to Longwood, our new town, and the medicines cost money even to a doctor. She'll have to stand it the best she can for the present."

There was wild commotion in the back room, and the young mother sprang to the rescue. In five minutes she returned with the child. "It's just dreadful, Howard," she repeated.

Howard stopped again and glanced at the little girl with a professional air. "I don't know, Nance," he returned, "but that I can do something for her after all. I've got a little spare change. I'll go down to the grocer's and come right back."

When he returned, he went down stairs, and, with the aid of a saucer and a discarded spoon, he mixed some mysterious ingredients together.

"Here, now," he exclaimed, appearing on the landing, "you rub her on the outside with this and give her some internally too. It may do some good."

The mother and the child retired to the back room. Dr. Ripley waited. Finally they came out.

"More," pleaded the youngster. "I want some more. It tastes like sugar."

The next day they had installed themselves in their new but dingy little home in an obscure street in Longwood. The young physician at once hung out his sign and then started to put things to rights.

"Do you know, Howard," said Mrs. Ripley, "I believe that stuff you made for Marion really did her some good after all? What was it? She hasn't been nearly so bad as she was."

Dr. Ripley straightened up. "Let me take a look at her. I haven't had time to notice her much, I've been so busy." The youngster was produced. The young physician looked at her critically.

"She does seem better," he admitted; "she certainly does."

"And what did you give her?" inquired his young wife.

Dr. Ripley leaned his head on his hand and thought. He had a sudden idea. He gazed not at his wife, but beyond her. He was looking into the future. His wife joggled his elbow.

"What was it?" she repeated.

"Oh," he returned, "that stuff! Why, that was—yes, that was the—the Balm of a Thousand Flowers; that's all. And it's a good thing after all."

"Balm of a Thousand Flowers!" exclaimed Mrs. Ripley. "I never heard of it!"

"Neither did I," returned the doctor, "until now. But that's what it was, nevertheless. And it's a good thing," he added half to himself, "and I'll try it on."

The next day he scoured the printers' offices and finally got one to extend him credit, and a night or two later he was mysteriously absent from his home.

The day after the town, small as it was, fairly blossomed with large but neat placards which read as follows:

RIPLEY'S REMEDY.
BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS.
FOR WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.
CHILDREN CRY FOR IT.

People stood and gazed at it and wondered what it was. "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It had an attractive oriental sound. "Yes," thought Dr. Ripley to himself, "I am sure that it will sell."

But there was a trifling error in his reckoning.

That error was due to the insignificant fact that in Longwood at present there was not a single case of croup or whooping cough except that of his small daughter. Dr. Ripley sat for a few minutes and thought about it.

"Nance," he said after awhile, "if you want that child to get better you must let her get out in the open air. Medicine can do much, but air is the important thing after all. Send her out and let her play."

"But, Howard," protested his better half, "there's no place for her to go but in the street. We haven't any back yard, you know. And the street is full of children, and they'll take it."

Howard shook his head. "Full of children!" he mused. "Well, self preservation is the first law of nature, and she must have the air. Send her out. The children must take care of themselves."

The doctor's youngest was a companionable little girl and soon made friends, and she speedily became exceedingly popular because she could do certain things the others couldn't do. Some of the things that she could do were to stand on one leg and wind the other round it and double herself into a human knot and grow black in the face and utter wild west yells of warfare. She didn't enjoy these things, but they did, and whenever she started in she was surrounded by an interested crowd. If she had had her father's business ability, she could have put up a tent and exhibited herself for a small consideration.

And so Marion got plenty of fresh air and incidentally all Longwood took the whooping cough. It was only a question of time.

It so happened that school opened about two weeks after the doctor had tacked up his placards through the town. The children from the doctor's neighborhood associated with the other children in Longwood, as was to be expected, and, lo and behold, one bright day the school was closed—all the schools were closed. Longwood had whooping cough for fair, and whooping cough is no respecter of persons. It attacked young and old as well, strong and weak, male and female.

At first they took it as a joke, except those mothers who knew really what it meant and what it involved. But in a few more days all Longwood was in agony—spasmodic agony—and then Longwood as one man sought for a remedy.

"Try the Balm of a Thousand Flowers, ma'am," the druggist would say. "A new remedy and a good one and very cheap. We can recommend it. I can, for my little boy"—and so on.

The town bought Ripley's remedy. The supply became exhausted. Dr. Ripley had to hire help. He became famous. From selling his remedy he became the crack whooping cough doctor and sold prescriptions like cakes off a hot griddle.

"The Balm of a Thousand Flowers!" was the cry. Everybody bought it, and in the direct sequence of cause and effect, because everybody bought the remedy. So young Dr. Ripley proceeded to buy a horse and buggy and then a new house, and around the house was a flower bed, and in the flower bed were planted at least a thousand flowers.

"Nance," he said one day, "it's funny, but, do you know, in the next town there's not a sign of whooping cough. Strange, isn't it? By the way, how do you think Marion is coming on?"

"Beautifully!" exclaimed his wife. "But she coughs as yet."

"Nance," went on the doctor, "I've got some relatives in the next town. Wouldn't you like to take Marion and go over there and make a visit? It'll be a change for you, and perhaps her cough will get better there."

Mrs. Ripley smiled significantly. "I will," she replied, "on one condition, and that is that you'll tell me what you put in the Balm of a Thousand Flowers."

"I'll do it," he replied, "but never tell. In this that I sell now I put about the same things that the other medicines have, but the main ingredients are the same as I gave Marion on the day before we moved."

"And," asked Mrs. Ripley, "is it really made up of a thousand flowers or is that only a name?"

"It's not a name," replied the doctor, "and it is really gathered from a thousand—I won't say a thousand, but from hundreds of flowers at any rate. That's true, Nance."

"How could it be?" she protested doubtfully.

"Well," he replied, "I tell the truth. It is gathered from hundreds and hundreds of flowers. You can judge for yourself when I tell you what it chiefly is."

"Tell me," she commanded.

"Honey and beeswax and castile soap, the balm of a thousand flowers," he said.

"But the castile soap?" she insisted. He nodded.

"That's the only lye there is about it," he returned.

Grass That "Tires."

In some parts of New Mexico there grows a grass which produces a somniferous effect on the animals that graze upon it. Horses, after eating the grass, in nearly all cases sleep standing, while cows and sheep almost invariably lie down.

It has occasionally happened that travelers have stopped to allow horses to feed in places where the grass grows pretty thickly and the animals have had time to eat a considerable quantity before its effects manifested themselves.

In such cases horses have gone to sleep on the road and it is hard to arouse them. The effect of the grass passes off in an hour or two, and no bad results have ever been noticed on account of it. Cattle on the ranches frequently come upon patches of this grass, where they feed for perhaps half an hour and then fall asleep for an hour or more, when they wake up and start feeding again. The programme is repeated perhaps a dozen times until thirst obliges them to go to water.

Whether, like the poppy, the grass contains opium, or whether its sleep producing property is due to some other substance is not known.

Not Expecting a Flood.

An old lady recently bargained with a cabman standing outside Colchester railway station to take her into the town.

The sum being agreed upon, the dame returned into the station and soon reappeared with two parrots in cages, which she handed up to the cabman. Again she journeyed to the platform and brought out two cats. A third trip she made, bringing back a daintily dressed fox terrier, and a fourth expedition was interrupted by cabby exclaiming:

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but you ain't expectin' a flood, I 'ope?"

"Dear me, no," was the reply. "Whatever made you ask that question, cabby?"

"Oh, it's all right, ma'am," said Jehu. 'I thought I'd ask, 'cos I ain't certain as 'ow my horse can swim, and I fancied by the look of your luggage that you were a-takin' my keb for a Noah's ark!"—London Answers.

A Wonderful Dream.

It was in the days of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, that a cobbler mounted a royal throne. As the duke was traveling one night to Bruges he came upon a man stretched upon the ground sound asleep, and bade his attendants carry him to the palace, strip off his rags and place him, robed in fine linen, in his own bed.

When the man awoke next morning he was addressed as "your highness" and astounded to find himself among such rich surroundings. In vain he protested that he was no prince, but a poor cobbler; they asked him what clothing he would wear, and at last conducted him, splendidly dressed, to mass in the ducal chapel. Every ceremony was observed throughout the day, the cobbler appeared in public in his new role, was received on all sides, by command of the duke, with deep respect, and ended his brief reign in the palace with a grand supper and ball.

When presently he fell asleep he was reclothed in his rags and taken to the spot where he had been found when this practical joke was conceived. Waking in due time he returned home and related to his wife what he took to be his wonderful dream.

CARE FOR SLEEPERS

A CLUB WHERE DOZING MEMBERS ARE NEVER DISTURBED.

There Is a Good Reason For This Custom, Which Is Not Allowed to Be Violated—A Short Sleep Which Culminated In a Tragedy.

There is an exclusive club in upper New York where the employees are forbidden from awakening any member who drops asleep in his chair in the library or sitting room. If a visitor inquires for him he is "out." Other members, if they see him, carry on their conversation in low tones or go to the smoking room or cafe. Very few new members are admitted to the club, but those who are fortunate enough to get in or those who bring visitors are reminded of this custom.

A physician who belongs to the club explained the reason of it. "It is wrong under any circumstances," he said, "to awaken a man who has fallen into a natural sleep. How do you know but it is the first time he has been able to sleep for hours or even days? This phenomenon of sleep is a very complicated one. There are many grades of sleep, and they affect different men in different ways. Dreams are the result of defective or partial sleep, and their common occurrence in the lighter varieties of the state shows that the rest taken by most persons is not profound or continuous even while it lasts.

"Don't you know that scores of persons in New York take a long trolley ride in the evening simply to produce a feeling of sleepiness? If a man looks straight ahead of him or reads a newspaper his ride will do him little good. He might as well remain at home on his front stoop. But if he looks about him, constantly shifting his gaze from one scene to another, he gets into a state of drowsiness such as is brought about by artificial means when it is called hypnotism. That is why so many men feel like dozing in the club after they come in from a ride or a drive in the park.

"Sleep induced by overeating is not natural. That brought about by stimulants is nothing but blood poisoning and stupor. It may be desirable and even necessary in some cases to produce this stupor. But the state into which the brain is thrown is not sleep. If natural sleep follows, it is a contingency and not the effect of the stimulant. But I was going to tell you a story, not deliver a medical lecture. I must not mention names, but many old club men of New York will remember the tragedy.

"There was a man who was quite prominent, both in a business and social way, in the life of this city. A dreadful family misfortune brought on insomnia. He would sometimes go forty-eight hours without sleep; then after a normal night or two he would not be able to sleep for a week. All his life until his trouble came upon him he had been habitually a heavy sleeper. After two or three months of this insomnia attack his health began to give way. Physicians tried all the usual means of overcoming the difficulty, but failed. He was prescribed sleeping drafts until it became dangerous to continue them longer.

"Then he went to Europe, taking a competent young physician of my acquaintance as companion. Specialists abroad prescribed walking and mountain climbing, but they discovered that there is nothing to be gained by increasing the fatigue of the body when worry of mind will not allow the repose to which the limbs are entitled. The man came home little the better for his trip. He retired from business. His strength wasted away.

"Finally by one of those curious freaks of nature we occasionally caught him dozing at the club. All who knew his misfortune sympathized with him. We moved about as though in a sick chamber until he awoke. He seldom slept more than twenty minutes and told us that his restlessness at night continued. One afternoon he came in positively drowsy. To a friend he said:

"'I feel as though I could sleep for a week, but I can't sleep in my own home—no. Find me a bed here.'

"We got him upstairs to a room and put a man on guard at the door, with instructions to see that no servant was allowed to disturb him or make a noise. An hour or so afterward an accident in the kitchen brought the fire engines up to the door. There was really no danger, but before a ladder could be raised poor Blank's body came tumbling into the area.

"He was killed. Suicide? No. It was the opinion of all of us that sudden awakening from the first sound sleep he had enjoyed for more than a year upset his mind and that when he was awakened by the noise he did not realize where he was. In a frenzy he leaped from the window."—New York Times.

Chinese Scandal Merchants.

In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and on dits and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present should some portion of their gossip have proved particularly acceptable.—London Tit-Bits.

Natural Inquiry.

He—I'd like to meet Miss Bond.

She—Why?

"I hear she has thirty thousand a year and no incumbrance."

"Is she looking for one?"—Life.

Welcome to Skaguay.

Oh, we have longed so long for you,
Skaguay!
The welcome news seems scarcely true,
Skaguay.
They say that Britain yields her claim,
She loses in the little game,
And you will share our wealth and fame,
Skaguay.

We look upon you as a prize,
Skaguay;
Low basking 'neath those arctic skies,
Skaguay.
Your favor we rejoice to win;
We know your worth in precious tin;
We're very glad to take you in,
Skaguay.